

THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain
Unawed by Power, and Unbribed by Gain."

VOL. 11.

WILSON NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1892.

NO. 9

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points and Spiced with Sweetest Sentiment

When a lady concurs she conquers.
It is right for a man to manifest affection.

The wheat fields can be called the flour gardens of the world.

The sonorous shouts of the fish vendors should be called fish bawls.

The dresses of engaged young girls wear out soonest around the waste.

Death rocks our second childhood to sleep in the cradle of the coffin.

No matter how high an awning may be suspended, it is only a shade above the street.

Milk shakes are all the go. Fellows go anyhow when they wish to shake anything.

Red clouds at sunrise indicate a storm, so does a cloud in your wife's face at daylight.

The shoemakers don't mind dull times. Their shoes are sold before they get into market.

Politeness is one of the sweetest and most beautiful garlands that adorns human conduct.

Most of the shadows which cross our path in life are caused by standing in our own light.

No matter how high everything else is, one may always get a bottle of perfumery for a scent.

Women ought to be very efficient at a fire, for each carries a pair of hose wherever they go.

A rock was thrown against our window yesterday, and now we want a remedy for the window pane.

When love dies the flower of happiness wither in the heart, and gloom and despair there builds its throne forever more.

Clouds are the curtains of light, even as sorrows are the curtains of joy. Both are needed to soften and mellow the glare.

Deeds of kindness will preserve our memories from the touch of decay even when our bones have mouldered into dust.

Memory can glean, but never renew. It brings us joys like the perfume of flowers when the Summer which fed them is dead.

It is better to sow seeds of kindness than seeds of corn, for the former is of perpetual growth, and its glorious harvest will be in eternity.

The true christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless tracks, and leaves everywhere the effects of his beams in a blessing upon the world around him.

Blessings are seen best by contrast. A man never knows the real worth and comfort of a button until he has tried to keep up his pants with a small and slender pin.

No man has ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love, ennobled by her devotion, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion.

A wife who emits from her heart at all times the fragrance of true devotion and pure affection is the sweetest, prettiest flower that a man can wear upon his bosom.

This is the luxury of music. It touches every key of memory and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy. We love it for what it makes us forget and for what it makes us remember.

The sweetest wine, if left to live in its own sweetness, turns into sourest vinegar; so the purest and sweetest affections, when turned back to prey upon their own fountain, are changed to bitterest hatred.

Gentleness is the sweetest virtue. It is the gleam of sunshine on the cloud; it is the fragrance of a precious flower, rising up from the dark mould; it is like a strain of music enrapturing the senses; it breathes its own sweet and soothing benediction.

A girl who had refused a good looking telegraph repair man three times within six months gave as her reason that he was too much of a wanderer. That he roams from pole to pole, from one climb to another, and if he did come home, he'd be insulate that the neighbors would be sure to talk.

Brilliant Entertainments.

The Commencement exercises of the Wilson Collegiate Institute took place last week, and was highly enjoyed by the immense throng who attended them. On Wednesday night the annual literary address was delivered by the peerless and incomparable Ransom, and it was indeed an effort of rarest worth and richest excellence. Chaste, ornate, exquisite and beautiful it was a perfect gem of grace and elegance, and shone with a rich and magnificent brilliancy. It showed vast study and laborious research, and the precious lore, he dug out of the deep buried mines of the past, was one of the most magnificent contributions of intellectual richness ever offered to the public, and won for him the garland of enthusiastic praise. He has a delightful and fascinating delivery. His voice is smooth and musical, sweet and mellow, ever and anon breathing out that tone of pathetic tenderness, which stirs the feelings like some sad sigh from the bosom of sorrow. His magnificent apostrophe to woman's worth and woman's influence was the magnificent crowning of magnificent effort, and dazzled the senses with its glowing sunbursts of eloquence even as the eye is dazzled with those flashing streams of electricity when the storm cloud groans with internal agonies, and vomits out its forked fires in all of their quivering brilliances. Some of his thoughts were exquisitely poetical and bewitchingly beautiful, for they bloomed in the fertile soil of his luxuriant garden of richest fancy, and blossomed out with all the beautiful tints of poetic inspiration. His sentences were grandly eloquent, and shot across the sky of his discourse like some of those aerial visitors of light, that pass in meteoric streams of effulgent brightness o'er the bosom of the night, and make a world stand still to watch and gaze in awe and admiration at the beauty and the splendor of their radiant passage. At the close of his splendid address the pretty little Bee Allen, who was as pure and as sweet and as beautiful as the flowers she bore, presented him with, a lovely floral offering in a little speech which was most sweetly and beautifully delivered. Prof. Warren, in behalf of the young ladies of the Institute, supplemented this offering with a magnificent bouquet. This brought Senator Ransom again to his feet, and evoked a response which was very tender and touching and beautiful, and which showed the tenderness and gentleness of a woman's heart in manliest manhood's manliest bosom.

On Thursday night the annual concert took place. The chapel was densely packed by an eager and expectant crowd, for they all knew that a sumptuous feast was in store for them. A choice and most charming programme had been arranged by the skillful teacher of music, the accomplished Miss Lillian Penick, and it was faultlessly and delightfully carried out. There was no tedious waiting or perplexing hitches, but the current of the whole entertainment rippled along as smoothly and as placidly and as beautifully as those strains of melody which so charmed and thrilled that audience. The young ladies did remarkably well and showed most faithful training. We have not the space to emphasize individual merit. Suffice it to say each one did well and won applause, and contributed to the splendor of the entertainment, even as the smallest of twinkling stars blend their glistening waves, and make up those sidereal constellations which emblazon the coronet of dark-browed night. The graduating essays of Miss Ida Warren entitled "The Power of Littles" showed studious research and thoughtful observation, and was a most creditable production. It reflected the highest honor, for it was a very fine effort, and showed that she was a young lady of finest talent and the most magnificent possibilities. It was read by Mr. J. D. Bardin. The Rev. Mr. McArn read the graduating essay of Miss Sudie Gay. Her subject was, "We have left the bay," and she handled it with wondrous grace and charming elegance. Many of her thoughts were really poetic, and emitted the fragrance of sweetest sentiment. It was an admirable production, and showed a mind both cultured and polished. The diplomas were presented by the brilliant and versatile John E. Woodard in a speech remarkable for its appositeness and excellence and eloquence. His sentences were symmetrically moulded, and flowed with rhythmic grace and beauty. His periods were well rounded and most delightfully resonant. His delivery was fervid, impressive and charming. His sentiments

were pure, sweet and ennobling. And his whole speech was worthy of the inspiring occasion, and worthy of the distinguished speaker, and made the finest impression upon all who heard it, and won another eaffet for that luxuriant garland of reputation which he has so nobly won and which he is now so gracefully wearing.

And thus closes our imperfect notice of one of the most delightful and enjoyable entertainments ever given by this excellent and admirable institution of learning—the pride of Wilson and the glory light of Eastern North Carolina, for it is now shining with the effulgence of the orbed splendor of magnificent excellence, and the resplendent beamings of its radiant usefulness are seen far and near, and are hailed as bright beacon lights, shooting up on the dark reafed coast of ignorance, and directing the minds of young maidens o'er the dangerous shoals of rudimental education.

Beneath Her Window.

Monday night presented a lovely and beautiful scene. The placid moon had mellowed her rays and brightened her lustre, and thus, by the splendor of her brighter beams, was imparted a richer radiance, and a more crystal purity to the brilliant ripples of the silent waves. The sky, with its calm, waveless ocean of light, embedded here and there with glittering islets, and misty with the spray scattered forth by the ghosts of long flown comets as they met in their wild gambolings to bathe in waves of ether—was bending its translucent arches o'er scenes as full of joy and peace and bliss and rest as those which make beautiful and entrancing the sinless bowers of Angel-tended paradise. It was a time for the lover's lute. It was a time for all the fruits of the Cupid-nursed orchards of the heart to bud and to blossom out with all their glorious tints. One young friend of ours felt the witchful influence of the entrancing hour, and stole he noiselessly to his loved one's window, and thus his heart waves, in tremulous feelings, ebbed out:

"The silver night is a fit curtain for thy lovely sleep. The stars keep watch above thee, and the moon sits like a brooding spirit up in Heaven, ruling the night's deep influence, and life has a hushed pulse, and the suspended leaves sleep with their whisperings, as if the dew were a soft finger on the lips of sound. Innocent dreams be thine! The heart sends up its thoughts of purity like silver bells, rising in crystal fountains; and sin, that thou hast seen by day, like a shadow have an unconscious ministry by night. Sleep, like a lover, woo thee, while silken dreams come to thee like a spell, by some sweet angel drawn. But no dark thought intrudeth on the sleep which folds thy senses now. Gentle spirits float around thee, gentle rest hath softly bound thee, for pure art thou! And now thy spirit, fleet on rare wings, and fancy's vision seeth Holy things in its high atmosphere. Music strange thy sense unsealeth, and a voice in thee revealeth that which angels hear."

And that voice was startling, for just then an ebony face appeared at the window, and a nasal voice did breathe these accents upon the same sweet balmy atmosphere:

"Say, Mister, she can't listen to all dat language now. She et too many onions for supper and she is feeling uneasy with de colic."

The witchery spell was rudely broken, and he walked away in sadness.

An Angel Now.

In the bright and happy and joy lit home of our friend Ed Exum the shadow of death has fallen, and Sorrow's darkness is there drowning all hearts in the blackness of despair, for sweet little Edgar to Heaven has gone, and fond ones are left grieving, so sad and forlorn. Yes, the messenger of death came into that home of brightness and happiness, and the idol of fondest hearts was translated to bloom amid the floral gardens of blissful immortality. Fifteen months on earth, where sin and pain and sickness and sorrow dwell; eternity in Heaven where perfect joy, perfect bliss and perfect happiness their thrilling raptures tell. Let this sweet and blessed and comforting thought lay the soothing palm of peaceful resignation upon the aching brow of affliction, and span like the bright rainbow of blessed promise the now dark and sobbing ocean of sorrow and bereavement.

The Highest Praise.

Dr. W. P. Mercer, a gentleman of superb literary culture and most brilliant attainments, plucks the following very sweet and precious flower of encouragement from his luxuriant garden of kindness and generosity, and allows its fragrance to refresh our spirits as we go struggling o'er the arid and siccant wastes of Life's parched Sahara of toil and deprivation. And this beautiful evidence of appreciation does cheer and comfort and bless us. Yes, we hear the song birds singing again those glad notes of melody which tell of coming Spring, with all its wealth of vernal green and glory. They tell us of gurgling brooks amid the seeming desolation of parched up and barren wastes of siccant and burning sands of verdureless sterility. Yes, God bless our noble friend for his generous letter. It is worthy of his big heart—a heart that is attuned to all that is noble in human nature.

"I had the pleasure of hearing your excellent address at Elm City a few days ago. It was a very pretty, a magnificent speech—exquisitely felicitous in thought and expression. Replete with classic learning and sparkling wit and brimful of every day common sense. I think the audience was entirely satisfied and perfectly charmed and delighted. I shall not deny myself the pleasure of hearing you again, if your next appointment is within my reach."

A "Hifalutin" Season.

This is commencement season, the festive season of florid eloquence and glittering generalizations—and now the rippling strains of the quick-pulsings and deep flowing streams of oratory are heard in the land. Flexible lips of impassioned collegians, thrilled under the inspiring wand of sophomoreic effervescence, are quivering with the limpid flow of words that burn and thoughts that breathe; and arms long pendant, now sway two and fro in the billowy gales of stormy gesticulation—sawing the circumambient air, and making such other gyrations that will ever perhaps peradventure, eclipse those "winged bursts" of eagle pinioned thoughts, which in days gone by, lit up with lustre the brilliant pages of Atherian glory. But we rather like 'em, and though some may think they are as worthless as the foamy bubbles riding the current of the deep river; or the sparkle which is seen in the flash of beauty's eye; or the froth which sits so invitingly upon the bosom of syllabus—still they add a grace, a thrill and a piquancy, which is indeed most pleasing, and that's just what's the matter with Hannah.

Eddie's Effusion.

Eddie came in the office with a sweet blush on his sad face, and when we asked him what ailed him he trembling handed us the following soulful effusion on the glories that attend a pic-nic:

In pic-nic garb we'll ramble forth and sit beneath the trees, and have our hides all chopped and hacked with stings of bumble bees. We'll gayly don our linen coats and thin seersucker pants, and sit beside the gurgling stream while o'er us crawl the ants. We'll swallow pic-nic lemonade to moisten down our grub, which people make by soaking one cheap lemon in a tub. The guileless lemon we shall eat, devour the clammy pie, and sit on bowls of custard while a tear bedlms our eye. We'll tip the custard in the jam, the pepper in the tea, and try with all our might to show that we are filled with glee. Then let us to the pic-nic hie, our basket in our hand, and homeward come filled up with woe and leaves and dust and sand.

That Hollow Tooth.

He was a big, awkward, gawky looking specimen of the genus homo (a "genus homo," reader, is a man) and he wanted to see the popular dentist, our clever friend, the highly skillful Dr. Joyner. That urbane knight of the forceps made his appearance at the door, and glanced at the fellow's tooth. "Will it make me 'holler'?" said the wretched tenant of an acher of pain. "Yes, a little," replied the Dentist, whereupon the fellow said he would not have it pulled, for the tooth was hollow, and that hollow had almost killed him. And he walked off as if he felt fitted to adorn the chair of a newspaper paragraphist. But Dr. Joyner thinks that fellow has a softening of the brain.

Different Desires.

On Thursday night as a couple came out of the densely packed chapel of the Wilson Collegiate Institute he said as he clutched her arm in a hug-like clamp and turned his left eye skyward like a calf in the last agony of death:

"Come let us walk, love, neath the moon,
Which brightly beams on high,
Enjoy the balmy breath of June
And list to the zephyr's sigh."

But as she had been sitting in a very hot and crowded chapel for two hours, and as her epidermis was in that state of liquefaction produced by an unstinted aggregation of the sudorizing properties, she said as she leaned up to him:

"I would not walk beneath the moon,
However bright her beam,
I'd rather go to a saloon
And eat a dish of cream."

Those Laps.

Those, who attended the concert on last Thursday night, know how crowded the chapel was, and how difficult it was to get a seat. A young maiden who came in late, told her father when she got home that night that when she entered the building she could not find a seat any where except in the laps of gentlemen.

And then the old father took of his spectacles, and after burying his thoughts in profoundest meditation, asked, "did you sit down?"

And then the girl blushed and said "I did, and it was such a knee-sy seat." And then there was another lapse in the conversation.

Gently Rocking.

On the porch a maid is sitting,
Gently rocking;
And he watched the rhythmic fitting
Of her stocking.

On the porch together sitting,
Interlocking,
Sweetest foolishness committing,
Gently rocking.

In one year the lady's knitting
Him a stocking
And he's by the cradle sitting,
Gently rocking.

Only A Little Time.

They were at the front gate in the moon-light and he asked her to be his wife. With outstretched arms and a throbbing heart he awaited her answer.

"George," she said, in a nervous whisper, "you must give me time."

"How long?" he hoarsely asked, "a day, a week, a month, a year?"

"No—no, George," and she quickly scanned the sky, "only until the moon gets behind a cloud."

Much Safer.

It is much safer and decidedly better to twist the tail of a sleeping lion than to call an unmarried woman's attention to her first gray hair. The howl of fury and the storm of rage will not be near so terrific, and besides the lion will soon forget it and quiet down, but a woman never will and her hate, like Tennyson's Brook, will go on and on forever.

A Little Shaver.

A young gentleman in Wilson, who had never been subjected to barberous ways, was recently presented with shaving apparatus. He prized the present so highly that he began at once to shave, and he has kept it up so continuously that he has grown to be a regular little shaver, but like Banquo's ghost, his desires will not "down" at his bidding.

The True Man.

It is all owing to what a man is proud of. If he is proud of his honor and integrity, proud of his blameless life and his efforts to benefit his race, he is the right kind of a man. But if he is proud of his clothes, his wealth, his birth or his learning he is a fool.